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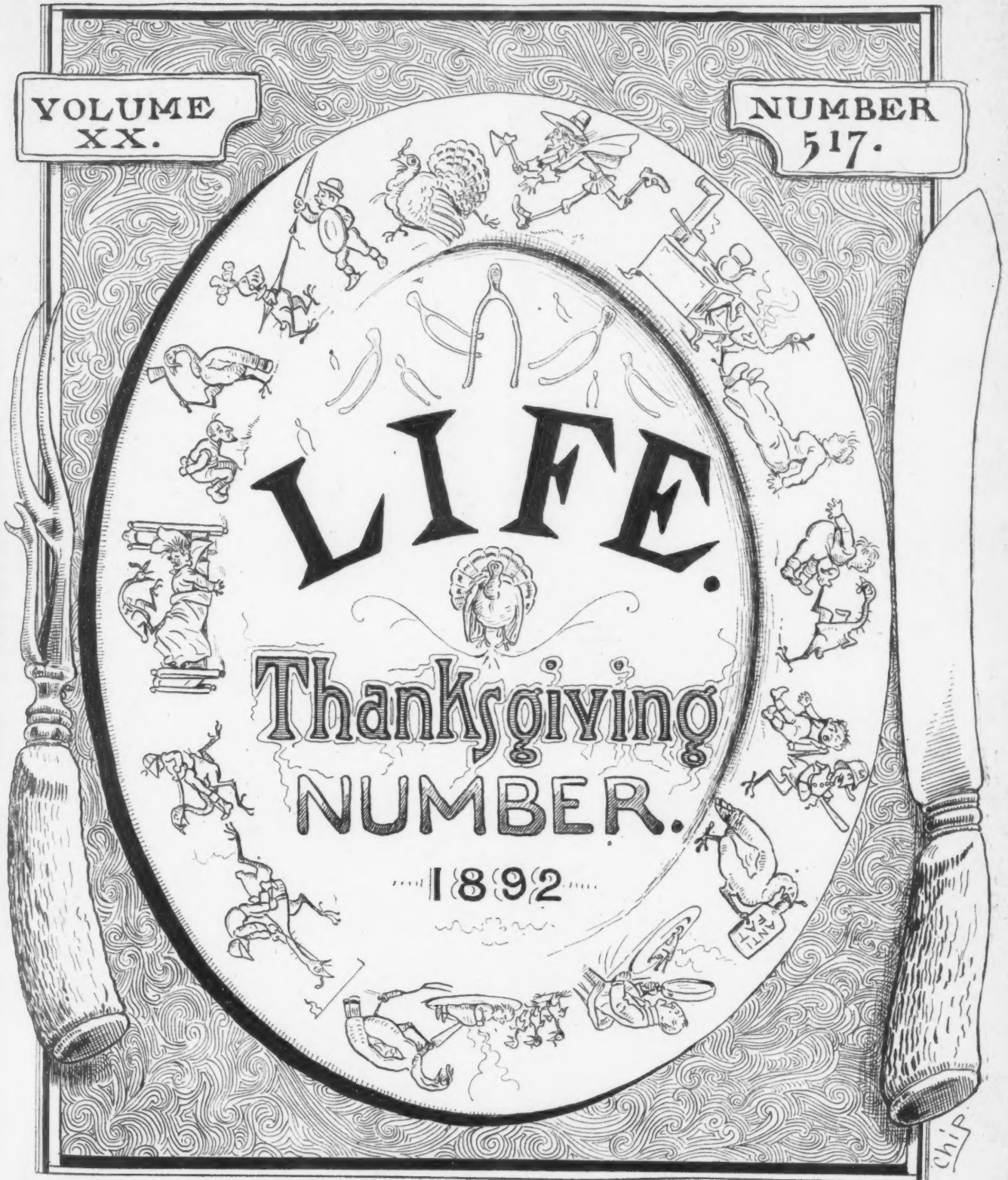
VOLUME
XX.

NUMBER
517.

LIFE.

Thanksgiving
NUMBER.

1892



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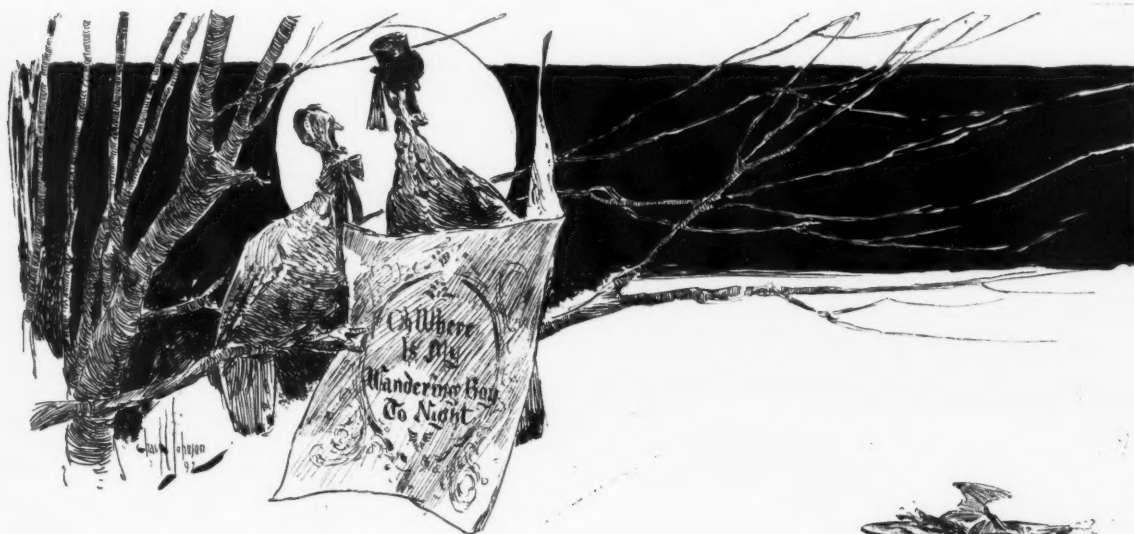
Napraxine Collar

in Seal, Sable, Persian,
Mink and Breitschwanz.

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THE VALEDICTORY OF A MELEAGRIS GALLOPAVO.

GATHER around me, my offspring.

The time is close at hand when I shall follow in the footsteps of all our illustrious line. Why our race above all

others should have been chosen to grace the head of the festive board at Thanksgiving is a mystery shrouded in the darkness of the past. However, the fact remains, although we do not.

Be proud that we come of a good stock. No vulgar lot is ours. Members of our family are sought by the best people of the land. Others of our race are sacrificed to the sordid needs of boarding-house keepers and linger along, day after day, running the descending scale from the glory of the roast to the vagueness of the croquette and thence to the mystery of the stew.

To us is reserved a more distinguished fate. For generations we have taken our places in the midst of the American aristocracy. They have admitted us to their inmost circles. We have touched the lips of their most beautiful women. We have furnished strength to their athletes and a material basis for their greatest intellects. Their *gourmets* have loved us and even their poets have extolled us in song.

I go, butchered to make an American holiday. In our time we do not know much about Roman holidays, so we will have to let it go at that. An American turkey would probably have been an anachronism in Rome, and we have only to do with the era we live and die in. With these thoughts I bid you farewell. Fare—fare—well!

Farewell then, my offspring. Observe the grace and courage with which I go to the executioner. Let my example teach you to joy in your glorious fate. Take kindly to your nutriment. Let not melancholy or foreboding feed upon your damask cheeks, but be merry, grow fat, and your elegies shall be the grateful murmurs of the contented people who feast upon your remains.



OPTIMISTIC.

Clara: GOING TO CHURCH THANKSGIVING?

Tilly: NO, I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' TO BE THANKFUL FOR!

Clara: WELL, YOU OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL FOR THAT.



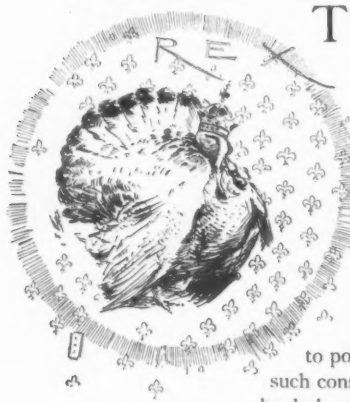
"While there's Life there's Hope."

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THANKSGIVING comes along after election just as regularly as though nobody had been beaten or had any less cause than usual to consume turkeys or witness football games. Even Mr. McKinley himself will pull himself out from under the ruins of his now notorious bill, and sit at the head of his table oblivious for the moment to politics, and blandly attentive to such considerations as whether it shall be dark meat or white.

It is true, as Governor Flower has pointed out, that we have abundant reason to be thankful. The cholera did not hurt us as a people except in our feelings, and most of the damage of that sort that we incurred we suffered vicariously in the person of Mr. Godkin. We got through some pretty serious strikes without much bloodshed; the crops have been good, and there is enough food and clothing to go around, though the distribution of the supply may not be ideally equitable.

Even the defeated party in politics may find cause for thankfulness if it looks hard for it. The Democrats having made a clean sweep and got things all their own way will have to do something now, and the esteemed Republicans will all be privileged to sit on the fence and point out wherein everything that is done is wrong, and demonstrate how the poor old country is going to the bow-wows in consequence. That is an exhilarating prospect, and the Republicans ought to enjoy it, particularly the Republican editors, every man of whom can afford to get up an hour later in the morning for the next four years, because finding fault is a good deal easier than governing, and it doesn't call for as many hours to a day's work. And if the Democrats are able to demonstrate

that they can really run the country better than the Republicans, the Republicans, being in a position to see the whole of the game, will be able to gather valuable points, which they may put to profitable use at some indefinitely distant time when they have another chance.

And, indeed, there are times when it behooves both of the old parties to gather points from one another, or anywhere they can, for if they fail in any conspicuous measure in providing good government and promoting the prosperity of the people, Brother Bellamy's folks are all ready to step in and take the job off both their hands. A party that starts off with more than a score of electoral votes isn't a party to be sneezed at, and even if it fails during the next decade in providing every voter with a house and lot and regular meals and a bicycle, it may at least avail to keep the old-fashioned parties on their good behavior.

* * *



AMERICAN women have done a good deal at one time or another for British nobility, but we recall no one who has more copiously fulfilled the demands of an exalted altruism than the widow of the late Duke of Marlborough. To have put Blenheim in thorough repair for the benefit of an entire stranger is a kindness which, apparently, will have to be its own reward. It was rather a pathetic use of American money, but after all the dowager Duchess is a Duchess still, and still has an income.

* * *



IF Mr. Theodore Child is really dead, as at this writing seems to be the case, the English-speaking world has suffered a considerable bereavement. Mr. Child did not actually make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, but he was valuable in an analogous way. He had a very excellent faculty of seeing things, and what he saw he was able to bring within the ken of a good many thousand readers. In that way, without absolutely increasing the number of things worth seeing, he did greatly augment their usefulness to contemporary man. People who can do that are scarce, and Mr. Child's generation has abundant reason to deplore his untimely taking off.

* * *

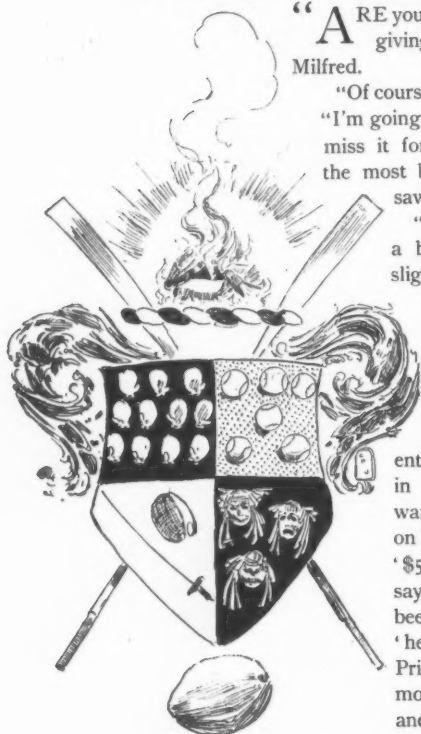
A PETITION has been started in Ohio asking Congress to give us cleaner paper money. Its purpose is worthy and it deserves universal support. There is no good reason why American money should be so nasty.



"THEN YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY HIM SIMPLY FOR HIS MONEY. I HOPE HE'LL NEVER FIND IT OUT AND DESPISE YOU FOR IT."

"O, DEAR, NO! I HAVE TOLD HIM JUST HOW IT IS. HE SAYS HE KNOWS HIS MONEY IS MUCH MORE WORTH LOVING THAN HIMSELF, AND HE IS GRATEFUL TO ME FOR TAKING HIM WITH IT."

A LEAF OUT OF HER BROTHER'S BOOK.



"ARE you going to see the Thanksgiving Day game?" asked Milfred.

"Of course I am," answered Sallie; "I'm going on a coach. I wouldn't miss it for anything. I've made the most beautiful book you ever saw on that game."

"A book; what kind of a book?" asked Milfred, slightly puzzled.

"Oh, that's what you do when you get bets—a whole lot of them, you know. I learned how from my brother. Last summer Ted met a very enthusiastic Yale man up in the Adirondacks who wanted to bet five to one on his college. So Ted took '\$500 worth of it,' as he says, and this Fall he has been betting it all back; 'hedging' he calls it; with Princeton men at even money and three to two, and different odds until now he's got his book all made,

and he says he 'stands to win' something no matter which college beats. So I thought I could do that, too."

"Oh, how could you! I don't see how you could ever keep the figures straight!" gasped Milfred.

"Oh, I didn't bet money; that isn't nice, you know. I only bet candy, and gloves and those little things;" explained Sallie. "First I bet Mr. Sheffield a five pound box that Princeton would beat Yale, and then I bet Mr. Nassau five pounds that Yale would beat Princeton. So you see I'll get five pounds of candy either way."

"Oh, yes, and you won't have to pay the other man, will you?"

"Of course not. If Yale wins Mr. Sheffield will be so happy about his other bets that he wouldn't let me pay him if I wanted to. What do men care about candy! He wouldn't even *think* of taking it, anyway."

"And if Princeton wins it will be the same thing only the other way!" cried Milfred, lucidly.

"Yes, and I've done a lot more of it;" went on Sallie, complacently. "I bet Jack Ford that Homans kicks a goal from the field, and I bet Reggy Westend that he doesn't. Of course I had to give Jack odds, but I didn't mind that, you know. I bet Tom Hickox that Princeton won't score in the first half, and I bet Charley Curtis that she won't score in the second half, then I bet two other men that she will score in each half. And

I got very good odds on those. Oh, I've made bets every way. I've got a beautiful book. Ted says it beats his all to pieces."

"Why, Sallie Perry, you're the smartest girl I ever heard of! You ought to have been a man. You'd have made fortunes and fortunes by this time."

"Yes, I would;" assented Sallie. "Ted says I'd break the ring all to smash! But girls have no chance! I tell you, papa says he just wishes he could have me down in his office in Wall Street. He thinks my talents are wasted in society!"

Harry Romaine.

THE LAST MORNING ON THE ARK.

"YOU look blue this morning," said Mrs. Noah to the old gentleman. "Are you worried about anything?"

"I am, my dear," returned Noah. "When I think of our big family to support, I don't see how we can make a living when we get out of this ark."

"I wouldn't worry about that," said Shem. "There will be plenty to do."

"Certainly," said Ham. "I'll take the animals and start a circus."

"And I," said Japhet, "can become an undertaker. There'll be money in that when the flood goes down."

"True," put in Shem. "And I shall become coroner. Why, dad, the coroner's fees alone would be sufficient to enable the whole family to live in the city and wear diamonds."

"By Jove, boys," said Noah, "you are dead right. Head her for land and let's get to work."

L IZE: What yo' got to be thankful fo' Nigga'?

UNCLE MOSE: Dat chickuns can't see after da'k.



PRACTICAL.

Her Brother: WHAD YO' STAN' DAR IDLE, CHLOE, AT DE 'LEVENTH HOUAH FOR, WHEN WE DON LOST DE BALL AN' CAIN'T FIND IT? COME OVAH YERE AN' PFRAMBERLATE AROUN' WIF DEM FEET O' YOURN. YO' CAIN'T HELP TRADIN' ON IT.



THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING.

Conservative Englishman: I LIKE THE GOOD OLD CUSTOM OF YOURS OF THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Young America: YES; IT IS SUCH A GOOD OPPORTUNITY TO HAVE ONE'S POOR RELATIONS TO DINE WITHOUT ASKING ANYONE ELSE.

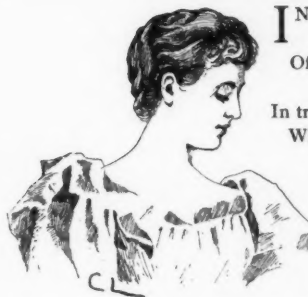
A LITTLE CONFUSED.

HALFBACK, '92 (as he is dragged from beneath a truck-load of scrap iron that was overturned on him): Was it a touch down?

MOTHERLY CONSOLATION.

MOTHER (reading over a batch of her son's rejected jokes): I'm sure I can't see, John, when the editors print such stupid jokes, why they should reject yours.

A LONG-DRAWN SIGH.



IN all those gentle ways
some trick
Of Nature did confide to
her;
In true nobility of heart,
Which cannot be denied
to her—
And in the play of
of coquetry
That now and then
conceals it;
In half-unspoken
sympathy,

So subtle—yet one feels it,

In all her merry flights of gladness,
In all that rippling laughter,
The pleased glance, the touch of sadness
In the look that lingers after;
In all that honest dignity
That wreathes a crown above her,
There is such sweet congruity
That, how could I but love her!

Irving S. Underhill.

FORCED TO IT.

STRAWBER: This is the first Thanksgiving in my life that I have had to dine alone.

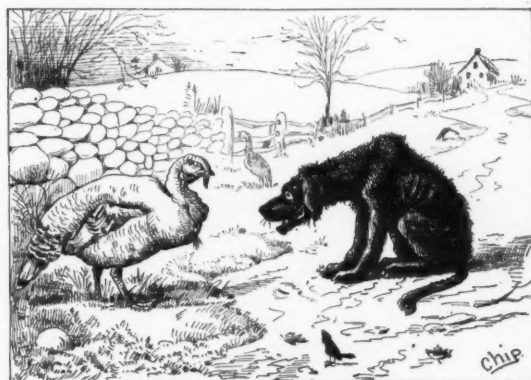
SINGERLY: What's the trouble? Couldn't you get anyone to ask you to dinner?

THE MATTER EXPLAINED.

SHE: Why is it when physicians get sick they never attend to their own cases?

HE: I don't know, but I should say it was because they can't charge themselves anything for it.

A COOL PROCEEDING.—Drawing an ice-cart.



The Dog: WELL, I'D JUST LIKE TER SEE ANYONE EAT ME ON THANKSGIVING DAY, THAT'S ALL!

PROOF.

"IT'S the little things that tell."

Adage true, like many others.

If you don't believe it—well—

Ask big sisters with small brothers.

A RUDE AWAKENING.



REGGY WESTEND'S figure was built on the symmetrical lines of the young Apollo.

At least that was Reggy's idea of his shape.

The faultless frock-coats and cutaways which his tailor turned out gave him the appearance of such graceful proportions that he

had gained the impression that the symmetry was in the man and not in the garments.

He used to tell Shearer that it was "no trouble to fit *him*," at which Shearer would sigh to himself, and say nothing, for Reggy was a cash customer.

The other day, however, Reggy got it into his head that he could save money by buying a Fall overcoat ready made. He was "so easy to fit, you know!"

So he walked into a celebrated clothing store and cast a critical eye over their stock.

The overcoat that pleased his exacting taste was marked \$25.00, and Reggy chuckled to himself, for this was less than half the price that Shearer would have charged him for apparently the same article.

But when he put on the coat and stood in front of the double mirrors he noticed that, when it came to a question of fit, Shearer had very much the best of it.

"Er—what's the matter with this coat?" he demanded.

"It needs a little pressing out, that's all. It hangs beautifully," replied the salesman.

"But it wrinkles in front of the shoulders."

"Yes, you fall in there; you're a little hollow-chested, you know."

Reggy looked at the man in supreme astonishment. Could he have understood him?

"Er—what's that?" he asked.

"You see you're hollow-chested, and the overcoat is built for a normally developed person. But a couple of pieces of hair cloth inserted on each side under the lining will remedy that."

"Ah, I have no doubt," said Reggy, politely; "but how about the collar?"

"That's a small matter," replied the man cheerfully. "It can be raised and shrunk in. Your neck is set so far forward on your shoulders that it makes the collar stand out. And then you stoop a little."

"Perhaps one of my shoulders is a trifle higher than the other, too," said Reggy sarcastically; "or is it the coat?"

"No, the coat is all right; we have the best cutter in New York, and pay him twenty thousand dollars." But we can put some padding under that lower shoulder."

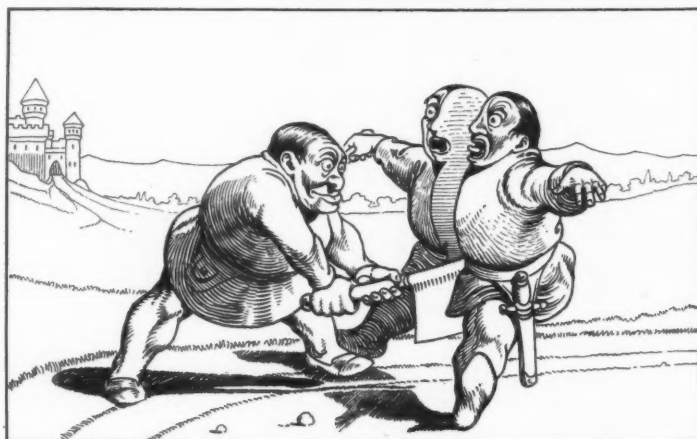
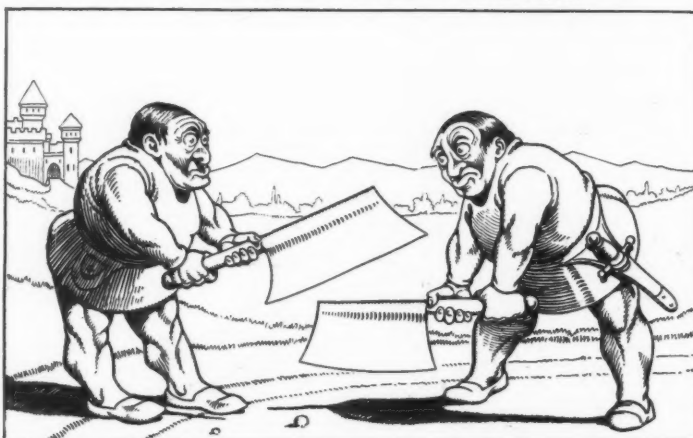
"U-m," said Reggy, reflectively.

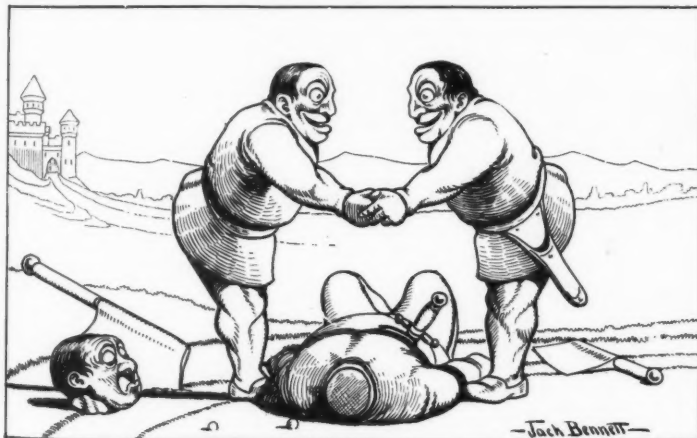
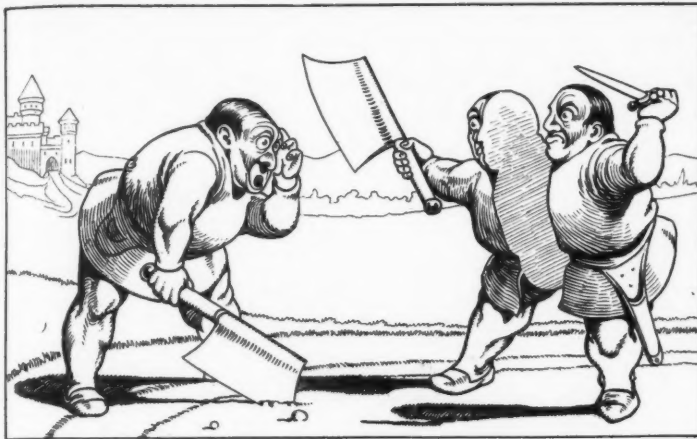
Then, as he glanced down and noticed his bare wrists, he remarked in a dangerous tone of voice:

"There is one thing more I'd like to know. Are you making your Fall overcoats with elbow sleeves this year?"

"Those sleeves *are* too short," admitted the salesman; "but they can be let out. You have the longest arms of any man I ever saw. And I noticed it draws a little on the third button

A LITTLE CUT UP, BUT STILL IN THE RING.





where your stomach sticks out. We'll fix that, too. Will you take the coat, sir? It is a beautiful garment."

By this time Reggy was the maddest man south of Canal street.



He: THAT FRIEND OF YOURS IS VERY FAMILIAR. HE SLAPPED ME ON THE BACK AND CALLED ME "OLD MAN."
She: SO HE TOLD ME. HE SAID HE HAD FORGOTTEN YOUR NAME.

"It may be a 'beautiful garment,' but you can keep it," he said disgustedly, as he tore off the coat and threw it on the pile. "By Jove, I wouldn't take it as a gift!"

The poor salesman tried to insinuate that it *was* "a gift" at twenty-five dollars. But Reggy brushed him aside.

"Keep your coat!" he cried as he passed by him. "Keep it until you find some blasted contortionist that will fit it!"

THE CAUSE OF HIS TROUBLE.

HE had two plasters on his face, one on the back of his head, his arm was in a sling and he limped.

"You look as if you had been run through a planing mill," was the remark he was greeted with.

"I feel so," he replied.

"Been calling any one a liar?"

"No."

"Try to kick a tramp out of the back yard?"

"No."

"Wife leave a pail of water on the stairs?"

"No."

"Well, what is the matter?"

"I tried to stop a family quarrel in the next flat."

TEMPERANCE LECTURER: What is the matter? Why don't you ring up?

MANAGER: We can't get a drop of liquor in the whole town and the Horrible Example is dead sober.

BOOKISHNESS

A NEW BOOK ON THE PURITANS.

A BOOK which has met with a fair degree of recognition, because of the impartial way in which it investigates and sets forth the origins of American History, is Douglas Campbell's account of "The Puritan in Holland, England and America," (Harper's.) Here, for almost the first time, is a beginning made in a systematic way toward setting right the impressions as to their origin and institutions which generations of Americans have received from histories written entirely by New Englanders and their descendants. Isaac H. Bromley, with his usual perspicacity, put the case in a nutshell at the last New England dinner when he announced that of the 101 passengers who landed at Plymouth Rock from the *Mayflower*, one hundred were historians who transmitted that talent to their descendants. The remaining one man did all the work and the 100 wrote about it, and that has been the proportion in New England ever since.

Mr. Campbell's thesis is that "the Puritan who has done so much for the modern world, was not the product of any one race or country. He was born out of the uprising against the abuses of the Church of Rome." He impressed his cosmopolitan traits upon this country, making its institutions radically different from those of England, as his modes of thought had been different. And yet, says the author, "despite all these facts known to every American, we are continually told that we are an English people, with English institutions."

* * *

WE wish to call special attention to this book, because of those chapters which so skilfully outline the part played in American history by the Scotch-Irish. As we have frequently pointed out in this column, their work has almost escaped recognition in our histories—except for the admirable chapters to which we called attention in James Phelan's "History of Tennessee," and Theodore Roosevelt's "Winning of The West." Of this dominant race, which has always given more time to action than to expression, Mr. Campbell says: "Their history in America has never been written, and as they settled mainly in the Middle and Southern Colonies, comparatively few persons seem aware of their great numbers, or of the powerful influence which they have exerted over the national thought and action." They were driven out of Ulster by English persecution and "there was burned into their very souls the bitter recollection of a century of English ingratitude and English broken faith." These people, hating England, her church and her government were the first openly to advocate American independence; they contributed largely to the success of the Revolution, and "it was mainly through their influence that, after the Revolution, Republican institutions, unknown in England were introduced into the South and West."

Mr. Campbell's summary of the part played by the Scotch-Irish in founding colleges, making State constitutions, and governing the States, fighting the battles of the country, and forming the National government—will be a surprise to that vast body of readers who have serenely accepted the statements of New England historians. They will begin to realize that there is a great rich section of this country that never borrowed a tradition from New England, that carried out its own destiny, that furnished more than its share of great leaders to state and nation, and that has continued to do all these things with a fine indifference to New England example or opinion. One thing they never have done—and that is to glorify themselves. It is a proud, stubborn, persistent race, but has never felt called upon to feed its vanity with adulation of itself. Within a few years a society has been formed to preserve the historical records of the race, and there are indications that another generation will have abundant material for doing a little bragging on its own account. When that time comes there will arise in Boston a wise man to write disparagingly about the "Scotch-Irish



AN APPEAL.

"I SAY, MISTER, RAISE YER WINDER A BIT, WON'T YER, SO AS I KIN GIT A SMELL O' DE PUDDIN' WHEN IT COMES ON DE TABLE?"

Myth," and consign it to the same heaven of fables that long ago received the myth of William Tell. Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

ASKANA. By Prof. Bushrod W. James, A.M., M.D. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

The Royal Road to Beauty, Health and a Higher Development. By Carrica Le Favre. New York: Fowler and Wells Company.

Short Talks on Character Building. By G. T. Howerton, M.S. New York: Fowler and Wells Company.

Crow's Nest and Belhaven Tales. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: The Century Company.

A Book of Cheerful Cats. By J. G. Francis. New York: The Century Company.

The Admiral's Caravan. By Charles E. Carryl. New York: The Century Company.

Some Strange Corners of our Country. By Charles F. Lummis. New York: The Century Company.

Tom Paulding. By Brander Matthews. New York: The Century Company.

Old Ways and New. Stories by Viola Roseboro'. New York: The Century Company.

Giovanni and the Other. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Poems. By Julia C. R. Dow. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"NO, Dr. Shanks didn't succeed out West."
"Why?"

"He married into an undertaker's family."



Visitor: NO ONE WOULD DREAM THAT I WAS BUT TWENTY UNLESS I TOLD THEM.
The Innocent Boy: NO, AND A GREAT MANY WOULD NOT BELIEVE IT THEN.

PRACTICE AND PREACHING.

HE'D writ a book on how to love.
 With points on what to say.
 But when he tried to pop one night,
 He fainted dead away.

A FAIR BUSINESS RISK.

COONEY COHEN: Mein sohn, vhy did you guarantee
 dot over-coad to lasd Mr. Nixy as long as he lives.
YOUNG COHEN: Fader, he has heart disease—he dies any
 minute!

“DID yez say yer health is bad, Mr. Donovan?”
 “Yis. Oi’ve bin walkin’ in me slape.”

“Och, begorra, if Oi cu’d only have done that same, Oi
 wouldn’t be off the force now.”

HUSBAND (*to wife from Boston*): You never find any
 blue stockings in the Prince of Wales’s set.

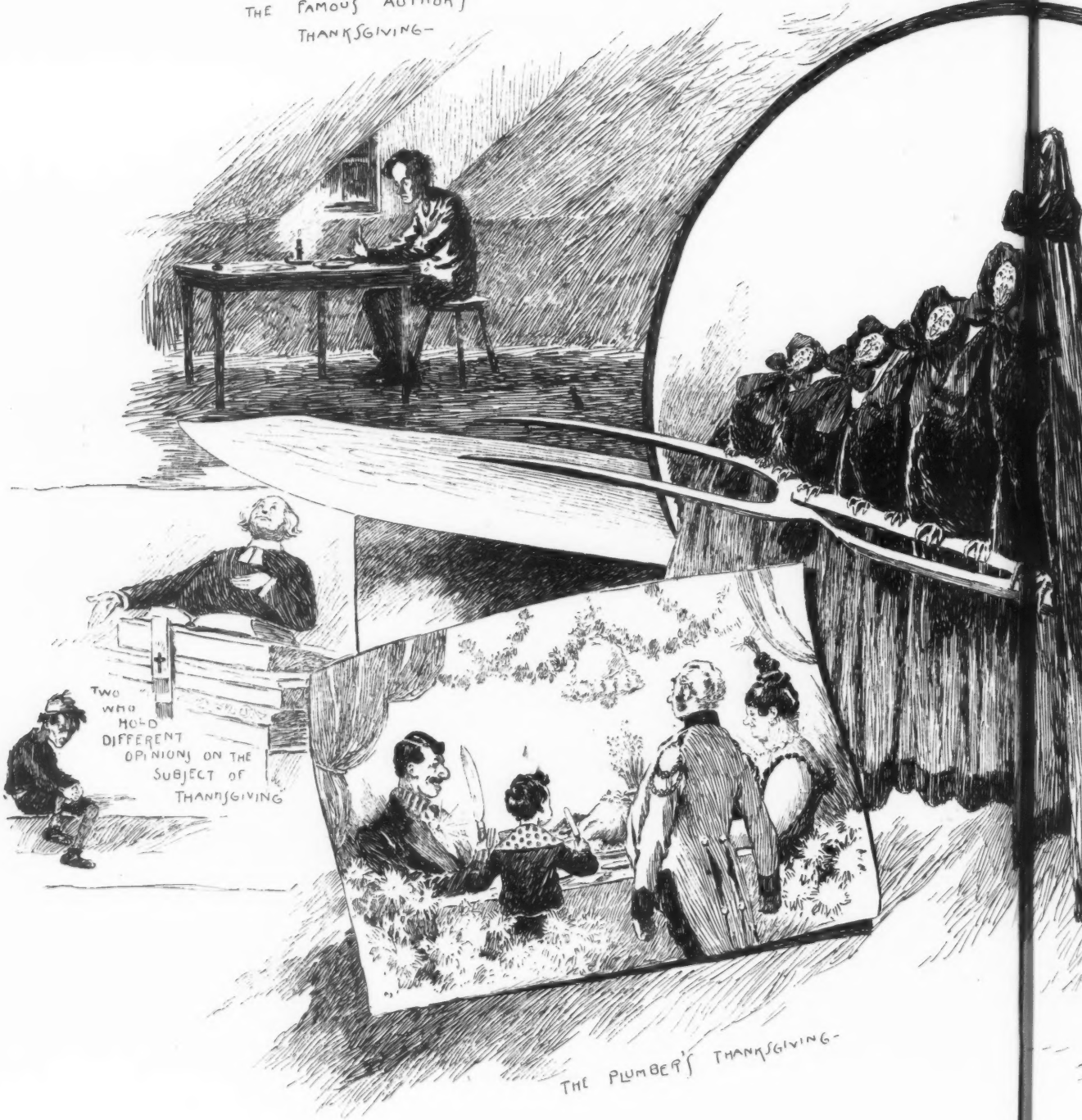
WIFE (*strong minded*): No; blue is not a fast color.

HE: I love you; will you marry me?

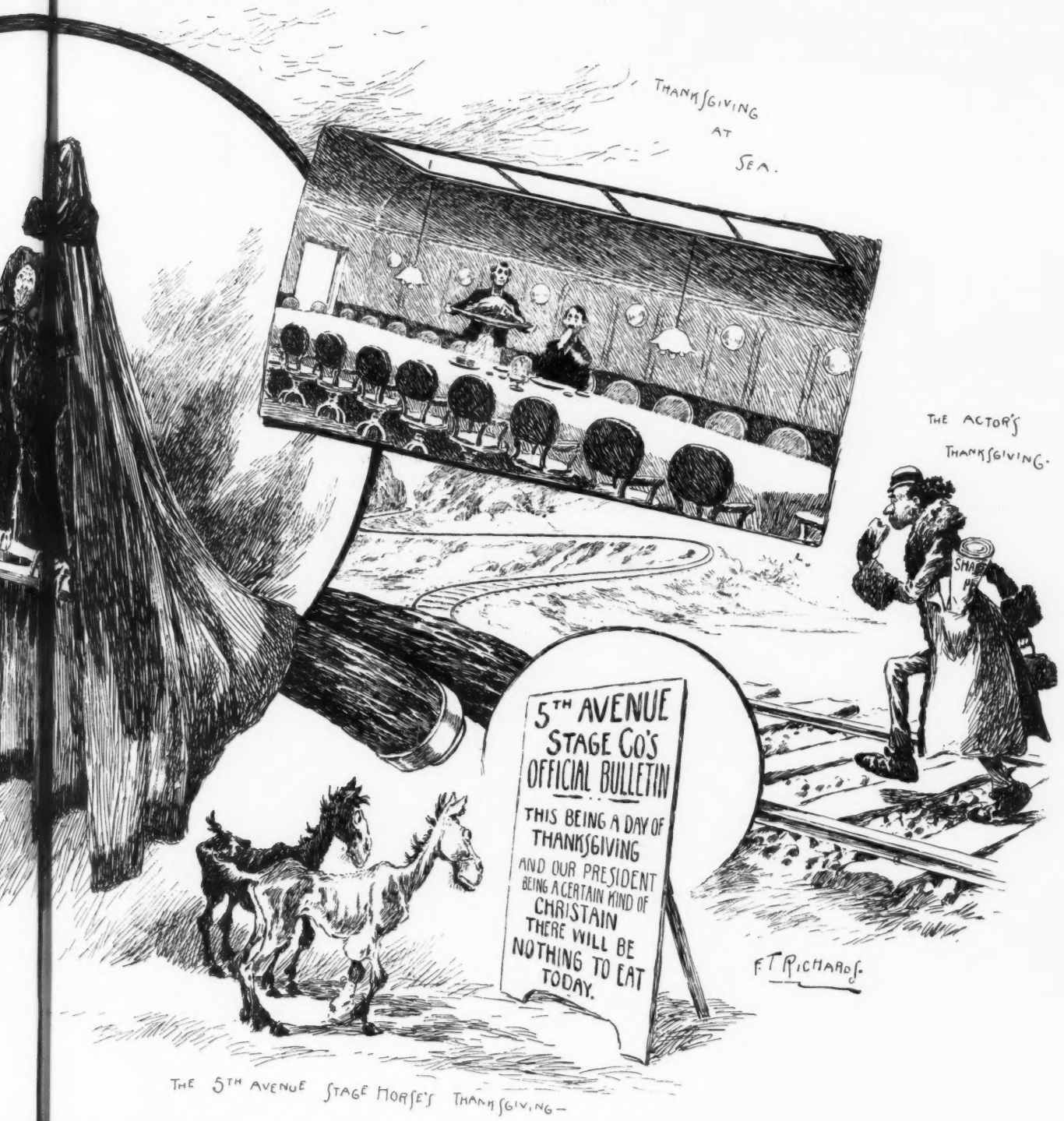
SHE (*haughtily*): You forget yourself, sir.

HE: I have to; I’m poor.

THE FAMOUS AUTHOR'S
THANKSGIVING-



THE PLUMBER'S THANKSGIVING-





AS a teacher of morals the stage has never been largely successful. No one doubts its value as a teacher of manners. Its power as a moulder of public opinion, however, is necessarily limited because the public goes to the theatre more to be amused than instructed. Anything that a play teaches must be so sugar-coated with dramatic action that the lesson itself can bear only a small proportion to the whole.

When Mr. Bronson Howard was called before the curtain at the first presentation of "Aristocracy" in New York, he stated that he had tried to preach a sermon dramatically. That he tried to do so there

is no doubt. The same point had been emphasized in every announcement made concerning the play. His audience was ready to be instructed as well as amused, and its sympathies were thoroughly on the side of the question taken by the author. But there is no doubt that the weak places in a piece which is strong dramatically are the very ones where the author sought to make clear his text.

The object of Mr. Howard's satire is the snobbish tendency of Americans to revere the persons and practices of foreign titled society. Incidentally he gets in some good thrusts at the particular species of blue-blooded American snob of which the greatest number are to be seen in Boston and New York. Mr. Howard's effort is a patriotic one and a commendable one, but LIFE does not doubt that already he regrets that he planted in "Aristocracy" so much sermon in proportion to the dramatic action. When the play becomes didactic it becomes dreary. Some of the speeches put in the mouth of *Jefferson Stockton*, the creditable American of the piece, and which set forth the author's ideas on his chosen topic, are instances in point, and might well be elided.

The main episode—the unhappy marriage of *Virginia Stockton*—and its unhappy complications point the whole moral. Beyond this there seems little left for even the sermonist to do. Dramatic broadening and teaching of the truth do not go together because American audiences are too intelligent to be convinced by an argument whose premises are stretched out of the true to enhance dramatic effect. The



A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

preacher who exaggerates is growing to have less and less influence with his hearers, and on the same principle many spectators thoroughly in sympathy with Mr. Howard's effort resented the assumption in his argument that every individual



The Heiress: HOW CAN YOU ASK ME TO BE YOUR WIFE, MR. SYMPSONNE, WHEN YOU ARE DEPENDENT ON YOUR FATHER FOR AN INCOME?

Sympsonne: BUT, GAD, I WON'T BE IF I MARRY YOU!



THANKSGIVING.

THE DAY WHEN HE IS SURE TO BE ACCEPTED.

member of the entire aristocracy of Europe to-day is either a fool or a knave. In so far as the piece was didactic and its premises false

it failed of effect, but outside of this it remains very much what its author intended it to be—a drama with a lesson.

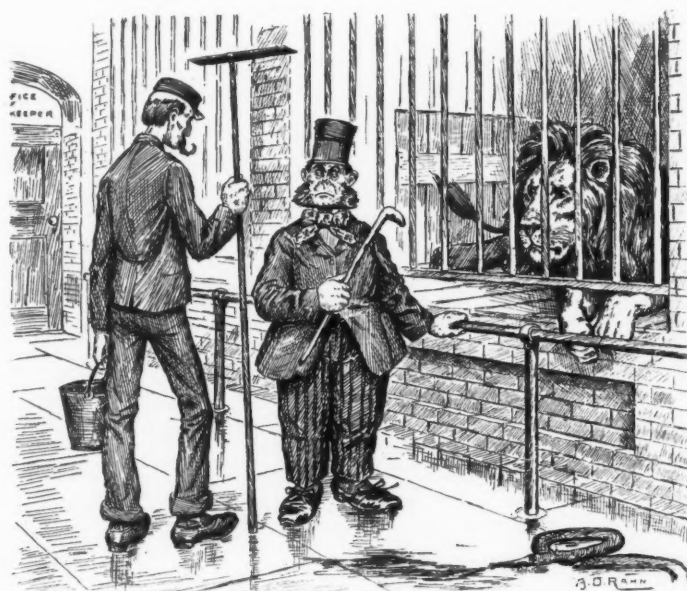
Messrs. Frohman and Hayman have given the piece a handsome mounting. In the second act a good many Americans see for the first time the costuming which in this enlightened century, Her Intelligent Majesty, the Queen of England, insists shall be worn by women at court. These costumes are elegant and instructive if not artistic or picturesque.

"Aristocracy" is well cast, the men, however, carrying off most of the honors. Mr. Lackaye's *Jefferson Stockton*, and Mr. Bond's portrayal of the *fin du siècle* Frenchman are especially meritorious. Messrs. Faversham, Arthur and Miller, have good conceptions of their respective parts and the entire performance on the male side is encouraging to those who know that among the young men of to-day we have to find the actors who are to make the American stage of the future. Miss Walsh's *Diana Stockton* was a fairly even performance but lacking in finish. Miss Allen's *Virginia*, although earnest and sincere, was marred by the monotony of the minor tone in her voice. On the whole, however, the presentation of "Aristocracy" is an adequate one and well worth seeing.

* * *

NEXT to Mr. Maurice Barrymore's clothes, the worst thing in the performance of "Lena Despard" at the pretty, new Manhattan Opera House, was Mrs. Bernard Beere's acting. It's charity to say she is a back-number who is being foisted upon the American public. The question remains whether at any time she could act.

Metcalfe.



IMPRESSED.

Hooligan: IS THOT WAN AV THIM BASTES WOT SAMSON KILLED?

Keeper: YES, THAT'S A LION.

Hooligan: MURPHY AND ME HAD A BET AS TO WITHER ST. PATRICK WOT KILLED TH' SNAKES, OR SAMSON WHO KILLED TH' LION AND THE FILLEYSTEINS WAS THE BIST MON, BUT, BEGORRA, ST. PATRICK WASN'T IN IT. I'M OUT TREE DOLLARS.

LIFE



I OVERHEARD this conversation between two well dressed ladies on an elevated train yesterday:

"Yes, I have been away all Summer, up in the country."

"Did you close your house?"

"No, I let a young couple in."

"Anybody I know?"

"No, they were strangers in the city—young people from Vermont."

Pause.

"I shouldn't think you would like to have anybody in your house during your absence."

"Well, I'll tell you." She lowered her voice. "You see, the house was full of—of those dreadful insects—those, you know—and the young woman looked as neat as a pin."

Giggles.

"Did she get them out?"

"I haven't seen one since I got back."—*New York Herald.*

IRATE PASSENGER (who has managed to board a car that didn't stop): Say, suppose I'd slipped and lost a leg, then what?

CONDUCTOR (kindly): You wouldn't have had to do any more jumpin' then. We allers stop for a man with a crutch.—*New York Weekly.*

"Yes," said the editor, as he put his gum brush into the ink bottle and tried to paste on a clipping with his pen—"yes, the great fault of newspaper contributors is carelessness. Indeed," he continued, as he dropped the copy he had been writing into the waste-paper basket and marked "Editorial," across the corner of a poem entitled "An Ode to Death," "contributors are terribly careless. You would be surprised," said he, as he clipped out a column of fashion notes and labelled them "Agriculture," "to see the slipshod writing that comes into the editorial sanctum. Misspelled, unpunctuated, written on both sides of the sheet, illegible, ungrammatical stuff. Contributors are terribly careless. They are—"

Just then the office boy came in, in that dictatorial and autocratic manner he has, and demanded more copy, and the editor handed him the love letter he had just written to his sweetheart.—*Exchange.*

ALEXANDER DUMAS had in his character much of the natural comicality of the negro race, from which he was in part sprung. His son, Alexandre Dumas *fils* , was notably lacking in this quality, and the father was fond of making pleasant little jokes at his expense.

Once when the father was visiting the son, Alexandre junior invited Alexandre senior into his garden, which is said to have been somewhat larger than a good-sized pocket-handkerchief. They sat under the one little tree in this garden and fanned themselves.

"I am suffocating," said Alexandre senior.

"What shall I do, *père*?" asked Alexandre junior.

"Better open your chamber window, and let a little air out into your garden!" said Alexandre *père*.

CHARLES H. HOYT, the playwright, when obliged to be away from his wife superintending some performance, always sends her a long telegram telling her of his success or failure. On one occasion when out West everything went wrong and, worse than all, the play was to empty benches. Before retiring he telegraphed: "I cannot send you from this town a telegram fit for a lady to read."—*Exchange.*

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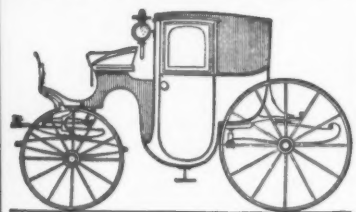
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THACKERAY'S broken nose was always a source of amusement to Thackeray himself; he caricatured it in his drawings, he frequently alluded to it in his speech and in his letters, and he was fond of repeating Douglas Jerrold's remark to him when he was to stand as godfather to a friend's son: "Lord, Thackeray, I hope you won't present the child with your own mug!"—*Argonaut.*

"MAMMA, dear," said Janet, "at what time in the day was I born?"

"At 2 o'clock in the morning,"

"And what time was I born?" asked Jack.

"Not until 8 o'clock."

"Ah!" cried Janet, "my birthday's longer than yours."

"Well," said Jack, "what's the use of being born before it's time to get up?"—*Dundee News.*



"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK, ON THY COLD GRAY STONES, O SEA."

* * *
"BUT THE TENDER GRACE OF A DAY THAT IS DEAD, WILL NEVER COME BACK TO ME."

THE following story is told of a retired saloon-keeper:

"I see you are building a new house, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes; you are right."

"Made the money out of whisky, I suppose?"

"No."

"Why, you are a liquor dealer, are you not?"

"Oh, yes; but the money I'm putting into this house was made out of the water I put in the whisky. Every farthing was made out of water, sir."—*Argonaut.*

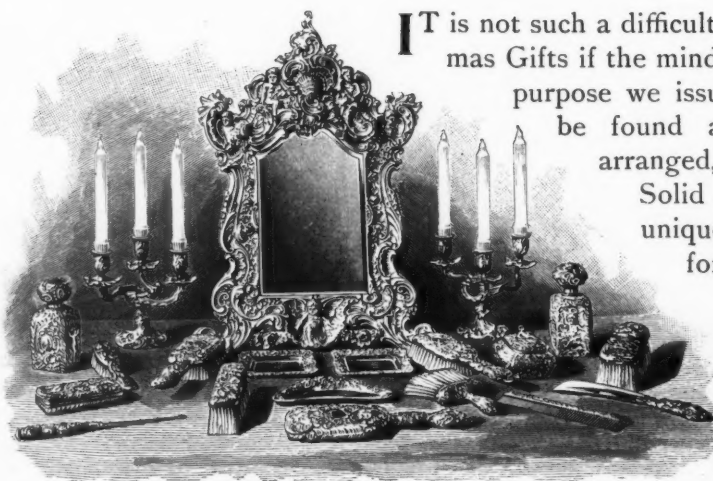
GUFFLEY: I had a very close call last night.

MOLLIWITZ: Why, how was that—smash on the elevated?

GUFFLEY: No; but I went up to see the Smiths in their new flat. Another man came in and Smith had to sit in the hall.—*Exchange.*

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TAKING HIS WIND.

Irate Father: THE IDEA OF A SON OF MINE DISGRACING ME BY BEING ARRESTED FOR DRUNKENNESS AND DISORDERLY CONDUCT! WHAT DID THE JUDGE SAY TO YOU?

Penitent Son: WHY—ER—HE APPEARED TO KNOW YOU. HE SAID, WELL, ONE CAN'T BLAME THE BOY SO MUCH, HE'S A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK, AND HE LET ME OFF WITH A REPRIMAND.

EDITH: Why did you dismiss Mr. Goodheart?

BLANCH: Oh, he got so he'd rather sit at home and hold my hand than take me to the theatre.—*New York Weekly.*

IN an off-hand sketch of Professor Chrystal, one of his old pupils tells how this mathematician made his science aid him in the management of his class. To relieve the monotony, a student at the end of bench ten dropped a marble, which toppled slowly downward toward the professor. At every step it took there was a smothered guffaw; but Chrystal, who was working at the board, did not turn his head. When the marble reached the floor, he said, still with his back to the class: "Will the student at the end of bench ten, who dropped that marble, stand up?"

All eyes dilated. He had counted the falls of the marble from step to step.—*Argonaut.*

IN a case which was being tried the other day in a Vienna law court a cabman who drove a one-horse chariot was called as a witness. To test the trustworthiness of the evidence he was about to give he was asked by the Judge if he had ever been punished for any misdemeanor.

WITNESS: I was only punished once, many years ago, and that was when I was detained by the police for twenty-four hours.

THE JUDGE: You have never been sentenced to any term of imprisonment by a judge for any very serious breach of the law?

WITNESS: Certainly not, my Lord.

THE JUDGE (*shaking his head*): A cabman! And never been prosecuted? How long have you been a cabman?

WITNESS: Since the day before yesterday.

THE JUDGE (*smiling*): Ah! That will do. Let the case proceed.—*London Daily News.*

FRIEND: That type-written letter I received from you was abominably printed—just full of blunders.

BUSINESS MAN (*sadly*): I know.

FRIEND: Why don't you discharge the fellow?

BUSINESS MAN: It's a girl.

FRIEND: Well, discharge the girl.

BUSINESS MAN: Never! I'm in love with her.

FRIEND: Then marry her.

BUSINESS MAN: She won't have me.—*New York Weekly.*

IN her "Anecdotes," Mrs. Thrale tells a good story of Johnson's irrational antipathy to the inhabitants of North Britain. On the doctor's return from the Hebrides, he was asked by a Scotch gentleman, in London, "what he thought of his country?"

"That is a very vile country to be sure, sir," returned for answer Dr. Johnson.

"Well, sir," replied the other, somewhat mortified, "God made it."

"Certainly he did," answered Johnson, again; "but we must always remember that he made it for Scotchmen, and—comparisons, sir, are odious—but God made hell."—*Argonaut.*

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